



Hearts are meant to be broken



👁 27 ✓ 3 ★ 5

Chapter 1 by Zatisé

I hate love, I mean the cliché idea of the emotion itself. I hate the false image of hearts, I hate that diamonds stand for love. Most of all I hate how my heart is always being broken. When I was a little boy I would sit back and watch, how pop culture made it cool to be pernicious. How every girl I ever seen always had a sexual look even in first grade. I new I wanted touch a girl, but I felt like it was wrong.

Then I got older and by 9 I was falling in love with every beautiful girl in my class, but they never fell in love with me. I would get butterflies all the time and I would dream of the girls I watched in class, and i started to feel alive all over my body when they were around me.

I hate how all the good girls end up with bad guys. Guys who only care about sex and being cool. I wasn't the coolest but I was definitely the most kind and smartest boy I knew, and the girls knew it. Still they chose to be with the bad boys and leave my young heart broken.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



When I turned 11, I decided something would have to be done about this whole dreadful situation.

I decided I would move to Jakarta.

Chapter 3 by Nic Healey



Jakarta was even worse, so I took a pill and entered into the fourth dimension that was ruled by giant mutant snails.

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Chapter 4 by intellikat

I fell in love with the chief snail

And one night lost my virginity to him.

It started with a glass of cabernet sauvignon... and a bowl of salt.

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